CONTEST. COUPON

To the Most Popular Student at The Florida State College, this city, we will give \$10 in gold to spend as he or she likes during the holiday recess.

Cut votes cut near the border line; write name and address plainly and send in as directed on ballot. Please do not roll ballots. Fold smoothly if necessary, so they can be handled easily.

Most Popular Student

···········

AT THE FLOR DA STATE COLLEGE.

As the most Popular Stadent at the Florida State College, Tallahassee, I vote for

10-4-1901

Write name and address of the terson you vote for plainly on dotted lines and hand in or mail at once to "Coupos Contest Editor Tallahasseean, Tallahassee, Fla." Not more than 10 votes of a ne date will be received from one person.

Ten Nights in a Bar Roon

NIGHT THE FIRST.

THE "SICKLE AND SHEAF."

"Who is this Green?" I aske in the barroom, soon after. "A black-leg, I take it," was his

hesitating answer. "Does Judge Lyman suspect his real character?"

"I don't know anything about hat; but I wouldn't be afraid to bet ten dollars, that if you could look upon nem now, you would find cards in heir now, you would find cards in "What a school, and what teachers

them!" I could not help remarking. "Willy Hammond?" "Yes.

"You may well say that. What can his father be thinking about to have him exposed to such influences?" . "He is one of the few who are in erection has slightly increased the value of his property about here; but, if he is not the loser of fifty per go by, I'm very much in error. "How so?"

"It will prove, I fear, the open loor to ruin for his son."

"That's bad." said I. "Bad! It is awful to think There is not a finer young man i country; nor one with better mind and heart than Willy Hammond. So much the sauder will be his destruction. Ah, sir! this tavern-keeping is a cure to

any place." "But, I thought, just now, that you spoke in favor or letting even the poor drunkard's money go into our landlord's till, in order to encourage his commendable enterprise in opening so

"We all speak with covert sometimes," answered the man, sas 1 old and early friend of Simon slade. They were boys together, and worked as millers under the same roof for many years. In fact, Joe's father owned the mill, and the two learned their trade with him. When old Margan died, the mill came into Joe's Rands. It was in rather a worn-out condition, and Joe went into debt for some retty thorough repairs and additions a machinery. By-and-by, Simon Slade, who was hired by Joe to run the mil, received a couple of thousand dollars at the death of an aunt. This sum en-abled him to buy a share in the mill, which Morgan was very glad b sell in order to get clear of debt. Time passed on, and Joe left his milling interests almost entirely in the care of Slade, who, it must be said in his favor, did not neglect the business. But it somehow happened—I will not say unfairly-that, at the end of ten years, Joe Morgan no longer owned a share in the mill. The whole property was in the hands of Slade. People del not wonder at this; for while Slade das always to be found at the mill, in ustrious, active and attentive to customers, Morgan was rarely seen on the oremises. You would oftener find in in the woods, with a gun over his shoulder, or sitting by a trout brook, or lounging at the tavern. And yet everybody liked Joe; for he was companionable, quick-witted, and very kindhearted. He would say sharp things sometimes, when people manifes ed little meanness; but there was so much honey in the gall, that bitterness rare-

"A year or two before his ownership in the mill ceased, Morgan married one of the sweetest girls in our town-Fanny Ellis, that was her name, and she could have had her pick of the young men. Everybody affected to wonder at her choice; and yet hobody really did wonder, for Joe was an attractive young man, take him as you would, and just the one to tin the heart of a girl like Fanny. What if heart of a girl like Fanny. he had been seen, now and their, a little the worse for drink? What if he showed more fondness for peasure than for business? Fanny did not look into the future with doubt and fear.



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She believed that her love was strong enough to win him from all evil allurefancies rarely busied themselves.

poor soul! And yet, in all the darkit is said, been anything but a loving, youth like Willy Hammond? of forbearing, self-denying wife to Mor-Lyon, finding myself alone with him gan. And he-fallen as he is, and powerless in the grasp of the moster In- of life, with a somewhat florid face, temperance—has never, I am sure, hurt which gave a strong relief to the gray, her with cruel words. Had he added almost white hair that, suffered to I heard the landlord say, as some one the tuese, her heart would, long ere wis, have broken. Poor Joe Morgan! Poor Fanny! Oh, what a curse is this thing

> The man, warming with his theme, over-mastered by his feelings, he pausadded-

that Slade sold his mill and became a seemed disappointed, I thought, at the devil himself, you can't be farther tavern-keeper; for Joe had a sure berth, and wages regularly paid. He didn't always stick to his work; but raptures about this tavern, because its but Slade bore with all this, and worked harder himself to make up for his hind the counter. hand's shortcoming. And no matter ent. what definciency the little store-room for every one gained, before ten jears at home might show, Fanny Morgan never found her meal-barrel empty without knowing where to get it replenished.

"But, after Slade sold his mill, a sad change took place. The new owner was little disposed to pay wages to a hand wno would not give him all his time during working hours; and in less than two weeks from the day he took possession, Morgan was discharged. Since then ne has been working about at odd jobs, earning scarcely enough to buy the liquor it requires to feed the alighting from the stage in the afterinordinate thirst that is consuming him. I am not disposed to blame Simon Slade for the wrong-doing of Morgan; but here is a simple fact in the case-if he had kept on at the useful calling of a miller, he would have savdid then. Poor Joe Morgan! He is an fering, and a lower deep of misery than that into which they have already fallen. I merely state it, and you can draw your own conclusion. It is one o. the many facts, on the other side of this tavern question, which it will do no harm to mention. I have noted a good many facts besides, and one is, that before Slade opened the 'Sickle and Sheaf,' he did all in his power to save his early friend from the curse of intemperance; now he has become his tempter. Heretofore, it was his hand that provided the means for his family to live in some small degree of comfort; now he takes the poor pittance the wretched man earns, and dropping it into his till, forgets the wife and children at home, who are hungry for the bread this money should have pur-

"Joe Morgan, fallen as he is, sir, is no tool. His mind sees quickly yet; and he rarely utters a sentiment that is not full of meaning. When he spoke of Slade's heart growing as hard in ten years as his millstones, he was not uttering words at random, nor merely indulging in a harsh sentiment, little caring whether it were closely applicable or not. That the indurating process has begun, he, alas! was too sadly conscious.'

The landlord had been absent from the room for some time. He left soon after Judge Lyman, Harvey Green and Willy Hammond withdrew, and I did not see him again during the evening. His son Frank was left to attend at the bar; no very hard task, for not more than half a dozen called in to drink from the time Morgan left until the

While Lyon was giving me the brief history just recorded, I noticed a little incident that caused a troubled feeling to pervade my mind. , After a man, for whom the landlord's son had prepared a fancy drink, had nearly emptied his glass, he set it down upon the counter and went out. A tablespoonful or two remained in the glass, and I noticed Frank, after smelling at it few words of hearty welcome greeted two or three times, put the glass to me as I alighted from the stage at the his lips and sip the sweetened liquor. The flavor proved agreeable; for after tasting it, he raised the glass again saw no change in the countenance, and drained every drop.

"Frank!" I heard a low voice, in a warning tone, pronounce the name, year seemed to have passed like a and glancing towards a door partly pleasant summmer day. His face was opened, that led from the inside of round, and full, and rosy, and his eyes the bar to the yard, I saw the face of sparkled with the good-humor which Mrs. Slade. It had the same troubled flows from intense self-satisfaction. expression I had noticed before, but now blended with more of anxiety.

The boy went out at the call of his mother; and when a new customer entered, I noticed that Flora, the daughter, came in to wait upon him. I noticed, too, that while she poured out the liquor, there was a heightened color on her face, in which I fancied that I saw a tinge of shame. It is certain that she was not in the least gracious to the person on whom she was waiting; and that there was little heart in her manner of performing the

task. Ten o'clock found me alone and musing in the bar room over the occurrences of the evening. Of all the incidents, that of the entrance of Joe Morgan's child kept the most prominent place in my thoughts. The picture of that mournful little face was ever be- in the still neatly arranged sittingfore me; and I seemed all the while to room, after the landlord, who sat and

stubborn resistance to his fellow-men, had they sought to force him from the room, going passively, almost meekly out, led by that little child-I could bore me to the wretched home, back to which the gentle, loving child had taken her father, and my heart grew faint in me as indignation busied itself | in what pertains to the bar." with all the misery there.

grow freely, was pushed back, and lay entered the bar, while his whole manin heavy masses on his coat collar, en- ner underwent a sudden change. tered with a hasty step. He was althere was in his dark, quick eyes the were familiar to my ears. had spoken with an eloquence I had brightness of unquenched loves, the not exepected from his lips. Slightly fires of which were kindled at the al- Slade. for the youth who just went with ed for a moment or two, and then he I saw at a glance. There was a look of concern on his face, as he threw his I heard the landlord remark, though in "It was unfortunate for Joe, at least, eyes around the bar-room; and he a much lower tone; "for, if you are not finding it empty.

"Is Simon Slade here?" As I answered in the negative, Mrs. would go off on a spree now and then; Slade entered through the door that like a human laugh, that it caused my opened from the yard, and stood be-

> "Ah, Mrs. Slade! Good evening, mauam," he said.

> "Good evening, Judge Hammond." "Is your husband at home?" "I believe he is," answered Mrs.

Slade. "I think he's somewhere about "Ask him to step here, will you?" Mrs. Slade went out. Nearly five minutes went by, during which time Judge Hammond paced the floor of the

bar uneasily. Then the landlord made his appearance. The free, open, manly and self-satisfied expression of his countenance, which I hau remarked on noon, was gone. I noticed at once the change, for it was striking. He did not look steadily into the face of Judge Hammond, who asked him in a low voice, if his son had been in during the evening.

"He was here," said Slade. "When?"

"He came in some time after dark and stayed, maybe, an hour."

"And hasn't been here since?" "It's nearly two hours since he left the bar-room," replied the landlord. Judge Hammond seemed perplexed. There was a degree of evasion in Slade's manner that he could hardly help noticing. To me it was all apparent, for I had lively suspicions that

Judge Hammond crossed his arms behind him, and took three or four strides about the floor.

made my observation acute.

"Was Judge Lyman here ionight?" "He was," answered Slade. "Did he and Willy go out together?" The question seemed an unexpected

one for the landlord. Stade appeared slightly confused, and did not answer promptly.

"I-I rather think they did," he said. after a brief hesitation. "Ah, well! Perhaps he is at Judge

Lyman's. I will call over there." And Judge Hammond left the par-

"Would you like to retire, sir?" said the landlord, now turning to me, with a forced smile—I saw that it was "If you please," I answered.

He lit a candle and conducted me to my room, where, overwearied with the day's exertion, I soon fell asleep, and did not awaken until the sun was shining brightly into my windows.

I remained at the village a portion of the day, but saw nothing of the parties in whom the incidents of the previous evening had awakened a lively interest. At four o'clock I left in the stage. and did not visit Cedarville again for a

NIGHT THE SECOND.

THE CHANGES OF A YEAR.

A cordial grasp of the hand and a "Sickle and Sheaf," on my next visit to Cedarville. At the first glance, I manner, or general bearing of Simon; Slade, the landlord. With him, the Everything about him seemed to say-"All right with myself and the world."

I had scarcely expected this. From what I saw during my last brief sojourn at the "Sickle and Sheaf," the inference was natural, that elements had been called into activity which must produce changes adverse to those pleasant states of mind that threw an almost perpetual sunshine over the landlord's countenance. How many hundred times had I thought of Joe Morgan and Willy Hammond-of Frank, and the temptations to which a bar-room exposed him. The heart of Slade must, indeed, be as hard as one of his old millstones, if he could remain an unmoved witness of the corruption and degradation of these.

"My fears have outrun the actual progress of things," said I to myself, with a sense of relief, as I mused alone hear the word "Father," uttered so chatted for a few moments, had left touchingly, and yet with such a world me. "There is, I am willing to beof childish tenderness. And the man, lieve, a basis of good in this man's

who would have opposed the most character, which has led him to remove blood to trickle, for a moment, coldly as far as possible the more palpable evils that ever attach tnemselves to a house of public entertainment. He not, for a time, turn my thoughts from year. There was much to be learned, led from the sitting-room. the image thereof! And then thought | pondered, and corrected. Experience, I doubt not, has led to many important changes in the manner of conducting the establishment, and especially

As I thought thus, my eyes glanced And Willy Hammond. The little through the half open door, and rested that I had heard and seen of him great- on the face of Simon Slade. He was ly interested me in his favor. Ah! standing behind the bar-evidently all upon what dangerous ground was he alone in the room-with his head bent treading. How many pit-falls awaited in a musing attitude. At first I was I saw that he recognized me, although his feet—how near they were to the in some doubt as to the identity of the I had not passed a word with him on brink of a fearful precipice, down singularly changed countenace. Two the occasion of my former visit; and which to fall was certain destruction! | quep perpendicular seams lay sharply How beautiful had been his life-prom- defined on his forehead—the ar:h of ise! Alas! the clouds were gathering his eyebrows was gone, and from each already, and the low rumble of the dis- corner of his compressed lips, lines tant thunder presaged the coming of a were seen reaching half way to the fearful tempest. Was there none to chin. Blending with slightly troubled warn him of the danger? Alas! all expression, was a strongly marked might now come too late, for so few selfishness, evidently brooding over the who enter the path in which his steps consummation of its purpose. For were treading will hearken to friendly some moments I sat gazing on his face, counsel, or heed the solemn warning. half doubting at times if it were really look thereon, and not read the warning Where was he now? This question re- that of Simon Slade. Suddenly, a curred over and over again. He had gleam flashed over—an ejaculation was ments; and, as for this world's goods, lett the bar-room with Judge Lyman uttered, and one clenched hand was they were matters in which her maiden and Green early in the evening, and brought down, with a sharp stroke, had not made his appearance since. into the open palm of the other. The "Well. Dark days came for her, Who and what was Green? And Judge landlord's mind had reached a conclu-Lyman, was he a man of principle | sion, and was resolved upon action. ness of her earthly lot, she has never, One with whom it was safe to trust a There were no warm rays in the sleam of light that irradiated his counten- rate." While I mused thus, the bar-room ance—at least none for my heart, door opened, and a man past the prime which felt under them an almost icy coldness.

"Just the man I was thinking about,"

"The old saying is true," was ansmost venerable in appearance; yet, wered in a voice, the tones of which "Thinking of the old Harry?" said

> True, literally, in the present case," removed than a second cousin."

A low, gurgling laugh met his little sally. There was something in it un-

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to Slade, whose back was towards me. | heavy loss. there was a lighting up of his countenance as if about to speak-but I withdrew my eyes from his face to avoid the unwelcome greeting. When I looked at him again, I saw that he was regarding me with a sinister glance, which was instantly withdrawn. In what broad, black characters was the word "tempter" written on his face! How was it possible for any one to

inscription! Soon after, he withdrew into the bar room, and the landlord came and took a seat near me on the porch. "How is the 'Sickle and Sheaf' com-

ing?" I inquired. "First rate," was the answer-"First

"As well as you expected?" "Better."

'Satisfied with your experiment?" "Perfectly. Couldn't get me back to rumbling old mill again, if you were to make me a present of it." "What of the mill?" I asked. "How does the new owner come on?"

"About as I thought it would be." "Not doing very well?"

"How could it be expected, when he didn't know enough of the milling I heard nothing more except the buisness to grind a bushet of wheat murmur of voices in the bar, for a right. He lost half of the custom I had but entered on the business last hand shut the partly-opened door that transferred to him, in less than three months. Then he broke his main Whose was that voice? I recalled its shaft, and it took over three weeks to tones, and tried to fix in my thought get in a new one. Half of his remain-the person to whom it belonged, but ing customers discovered by this time was unable to do so. I was not very that they could get far better meal long in doubt, for on stepping out upon from their grain at Harwood's mill the porch in front of the tavern, the near Lynwood, and so did not care to well-remembered face of Harvey Green trouble him any more. The upshot of the whole matter is, he woke down room door, and was talking earnestly next and had to sell the mill at a

"Who has it now?" "Judge Hammond is the "jurchaser." "He is going to rent it, & suppose?" (Continued on page 2.)



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